

27/10/1882

Tom Brown makes a friend at Aggs.

It was not long before Tom had effected his object in part. Let us to say he had caught Hardy several times coming out of Fleetwood Hall, in Chapel, & had fastened himself upon him, often walking with him up to the very door of his rooms. But the master's word. Hardy was very civil & agreeable, however seemed pleased to have Tom with him, but there was ~~no~~ <sup>no</sup> doubtless a ~~no~~ <sup>no</sup> about him which Tom could not make out. But as he only met Hardy more & more he said of him, he very soon made up his mind to break ground himself, & to make a dash at a repeat. For something more than a week speaking ~~in~~ <sup>of</sup> a ~~quarrel~~ <sup>quarrel</sup>. One evening, he blurted out, "Say, Hardy. I wish you'd let me come in & sit with you a little."

"Come in by all means if you like," answered the other, ~~soo~~ they entered.

The room was the usual 10th in situation ~~open~~ <sup>open</sup> with one ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> even wooden chair. A nicely soft & dirty carpet, was not cheerful ~~spic~~ <sup>spic</sup> & Hardy made it unpalatable to his visitor that he was poorly lodged because he was a poor man. Tom was a little shy at his host's allusions & his poverty was relieved when he inquired, "How do you like Bedford?"

"I hardly know yet," said Tom; "the first few days I was delighted with going about seeing the buildings, but as soon college life learnt very that like it as much as I liked our school life."

"I don't understand," said Hardy. "My word?"

"Oh! Hardy know," said Tom, laughing; "I don't seem as if I had anything to do here, that's the reason I think. I think now you're not at all ~~very~~ living rather a great man."

229  
You are held a slave in the ruling of God's ways, & you  
feel responsibility, but how one has only just  
left one for another. "Keep out of sermons," that's what  
I never could do. What do you think a fellow  
ought to do, now, up here?"

"Oh, I don't care much differently in that. Said his wife,  
Smiling; get up your lecture, well to begin with."  
"But my lecture is a failure," said Tom, "I've done it  
no better now than ever again. They don't take me an  
hour & a day to get up."  
"Well then, let's go without reading something regularly,  
reading for your degree, for instance?"  
"Well, but now I should really like to know what  
you did yourself," said Tom, "you are the only  
man of much older standing than myself whom  
I know at all yet - What did you do now, in  
your first year?"

"I really hardly remember what I did besides read.  
I used to, learn up with a definite purpose of reading.  
My father was very anxious that I should be a good  
scholar. Then my position in the college, my having  
naturally kept me out of company which then  
men do."  
Tom flushed again at the ugly word, but not as  
much as at first.

"You wouldn't think it?" he began again, keeping  
on the same strain. "But I can hardly tell you  
how I view the sort of responsibility I was talking of  
to you about. I have and doubtless shall get the  
vacuum filled up before long, but for the last few  
I can't see how yet."

"You will be a very lucky fellow if you think  
that it will be much as you can do to try  
yourself in order, up here. It's about the lengthiest  
part of man's life, I do believe, the time we have to  
spend here. My university life has been an altogether  
different from what yours will be, but my experience  
is not likely to benefit you."

2730023

"I don't think you would try me, though," said Tom, "you don't know what a terrible lot of fellows I am; if anything, will take me the right way. You taught me to scull, you know, or at least put me in the way to learn. Read, Deafening, running, & cricket, & all the rest of it, with such reading as I am likely to do, would be enough to get out of that already."

"I don't think it well," said Hardy. "The amount of physical or mental work will fill the vacuum you were talking of well now. It is the empty hours swept & garnished which must be filled sometime. It's a pretty good three years' work to learn to how to keep the devils out of it, more or less, by the time you take your degree. At least I have you do."

Hardy rose & took a leisurely walk up & down his room. He was astonished at finding himself talking so unconsciously to one of whom he knew so little, & half-wished to end, recalled why should he be putting a young man's head with puzzle? How did he know that they were thinking of the same thing?

But the question could not be recalled; it must go on its way for good or evil; & this one set the nearer staring into the ashes & putting many things together in his head.

It was some minutes before he broke silence but at last he gathered up his thoughts, & said, "Well, I hope I shan't think when the time comes. You don't think a fellow need stand himself up, though? I'm sure I shouldn't be any the better for that."

"No, I don't think you would," said Hardy. "Because, you see," Tom went on, walking bolder & more confidential, "I'll see to that to-morrow by myself. I should do it just as you or any sensible fellow would do; I know that well enough. I should just begin, sitting with my legs upon the mantel-piece, stretching out a leg or two inside. See you at breakfast, and you know what I mean. Don't you, Tom?"

"You're staying with the wallow now you're talking of just now; it all comes back to that, said Hardy. "Well, perhaps it does. said Lorry, & I don't believe it does; a fellow a bit of good is to be thinking about himself & his own doings."

"I don't know that," said Hardy, "he can't learn anything worth knowing in any other way."

"Oh I like that!" said Lorry; "it's worth learning how to play tennis, & how to speak the truth. You can't learn either by thinking about yourself over & over again. You must know the truth before you can speak it," said Hardy.

"So you always do in plenty of time?"

"Yes," said Hardy.

"Oh, I don't know," said Lorry, "by a sort of instinct or something. I used, in my life, to tell my doctor—about what I ought to say or do; did you?"

And so they talked on, until Hardy found he had been more than two hours with his friend, & then he left him with "Come whenever you like," from Hardy.

And when we had gone, Hardy's quiet thoughts were of pleasure at having been caught out by an old friend to be just the sort of friend he would like to have. "The pleasure, the acquaintance, & think he will—it will be <sup>believe</sup> he likes me for myself. And soon, old man good, to I feel sure," he went on. "What a blessed thing of course only helps a youngster like this to fight his way through the cold atmosphere which is always hanging over him—can help to keep some living faith in him, but the world, deposit & all, isn't a respectable pile of muckheaps, not fitting some centre like back! What it's an awful business, that temptation to believe, or think you believe, in a dead God. What are all the temptations of the world, the flesh, the Devil to this? the iniquities, the small, the big, the little sins, helping on, & please God, I will of course only tell me, & the very right of time does me good, as I can't believe it now, not for a moment. And so, at last, Hardy graced us with a parting blessing, "My best man, back to my young & vicious wife."

Our hero soon began to feel that he was contradicting in great college friendships. The great strong hardy daring Student, with his bursts of exuberant enthusiasm in his rage, alternating like the storm & sunshine of a July day on a high moorland; his keen sense of humor, & appreciation of all the good things of this life, the real enjoyment of which he was so ill fitted, deriving beauty from high principle, had from the first seized powerfully on all Tom's sympathies; so the daily passing more & more hold upon him.

Remember the man who has the gift of reading friends; for it is one of God's best gifts. It instills many things, but above all the power of going out of ones' seeing & appreciating that is noble & elevating in another.

But even to him this has the gift, it is often a great puzzle to find out whether a man is really a friend or not. The following is recommended as a test in the case of any man about whom you are not quite sure, especially if he should happen to have more of this world's goods, either in the shape of talents, rank, money, or what not, than you.

Imagine the man stripped stark naked, & everything in the world, except an old pair of trousers & a shirt for decency's sake, without even a name to him, & dropped down in the middle of Notbourn or Recadilly. Would you jump through their & their, & lead him out from among the cakes & mince-pies, & take him to your own home, & feed him & clothe him, stand by him against all the world, to your last sovereign & your last bag of guineas? If you would not do this, you have no right to call him by the sacred name of friend. If you would, the odds are they he would do the same by you, you may cover yourself a with man. For, probably, men friendship, expressible by, or convertible into, current coin of the realm, are such friends would be worth to a man, at least £ 100,000. But friendship is not so expressible or convertible. It is more precious than wisdom, & knowledge & can not be given for gold, nor shall any but he mentioned

in companion were of? Not all the riches that earth  
canst not earthly ease ever with the assurance of one  
such real abiding friendship in your heart of hearts.  
But for the worth of a friendship commonly so called  
meaning merely a cordiality founded on what  
you have got or hope to get out of another, with  
powers of procuring enjoyment upon his aid or  
another for your miserable body or mind - why  
such a friendship as that is to be appraised easily  
enough if you put it worth your while.

Tom was rapidly getting into friendships with them.  
He was not bound hand & foot & carried away captive  
yet, but he was already getting deep in the toils.

### Hardy's History

"My father is an old commander in the Royal Navy.  
He was a second cousin of Nelson's Hardy, & that, I believe  
was what led him into the navy. For he had no interest  
whatever of his own. However, there were times when brave  
men who knew & loved their profession could not  
be overlooked, & my dear old father fought his way  
up step by step - not very fast certainly, but still fast  
enough to keep him in heart about his chances in life.

"My father was made commander towards the end  
of the war, ~~as~~ of a ship, in which he sailed with a convoy of  
merchandise from Bristol. It was the last voyage he  
ever made in active service; but the Admiralty was so  
well satisfied with his conduct in it that they kept  
his ship in commission two years after the peace  
was declared. And well they might be. For in the Spanish  
main he fought an action which lasted, not off. In two  
days, with a French ship of war & privateer, either of  
which ought to have been a match for him.

"Well, he came home with a stiff leg. The Bristol merchants  
gave him the freedom of the city in a gold box, & splendidly  
mounted sword with an inscription on the blade,  
which hangs over the mantelpiece at home. When I first  
left home, I asked him to give me his old service sword  
which used to hang by the other, & he gave it me at once. Though  
I was only a lad then, dear old father, which is the only one he has  
now,

now; the other he lost from a soldier wounded in a  
boarding party. Should hang, when as his spaniels,  
in the like case. They need to lie under my father  
before I had a name of my own. & many & cowardly  
Norman hearted fit. have they helped to pull me through,  
Brown, & many a mean act have they helped which  
we poor doings. Then they are always, & the sight of  
them brings home the dear old man to me as nothing  
else does. hardly even his letters. I must be wrong!  
Great - scandalized to go wrong with such a father.

"Let's see - when was it? Oh yes; two months back, when my father got his last reward. I wrote very handsome  
letters to your several great men; but we never got  
another ship. Yes after you slipped by, it  
happened him who doing nothing; but he tried to  
make it was all right, & said, 'God forbid that  
his Majesty should take me if there is a better way  
to be had.'

"When my father was made commander, he married  
straight a cottage & piece of land with his first-won  
seawife, when he left his wife when he went on his  
last voyage. They had waited three years, for  
neither of them had any money; but there were more  
two people who wanted it less, & did more good  
without it to all who came near them. They had  
a hard time of it, for my father had to go on half-pay  
as commander half-pay is it much to live on;  
upon a steep a family. For they had a family;  
three besides me; but they are all poor. And my  
mother, too, she died when I was quite young also,  
left him come alone. My father, after this used  
to sit silent for hours together, saying nothing but  
prash over the sea.

"After a short time he took to teaching me to read, &  
from that time I never was away from him for  
an hour, except when I was asleep until several  
out into the world.

"As I told you, my father was naturally fond of studying, he  
had kept up the little Latin he had learned as a boy, &  
had always been reading whatever he could lay his hand  
on; & that I could not have had a better tutor. I

there no lessons to me, particularly the geography one;  
for there was no part of the world's coast that he did not  
know, & could tell me what it & the people who live on  
there were like.

And so I waited on, learning all I could from my father, the year until June sixteen. By that time I had begun to think for myself, and made up my mind that it was time I should do something. My brother wanted to travel home, I believe, but I saw that I must make a move if I was ever to be what my father wished me to be. So I wrote to my father, who quite agreed with me. Various inquiries amongst his acquaintances, &c., before June, seventeen, I was offered the place of under master in a commercial school, about twenty miles from home. The place brought me off, my father was very angry at first; but we talked him over, and he took the situation.

"And I am very glad I did, although there were many drawbacks. The salary was \$35 a year, & for that I had to drill all the boys in English grammar, & Latin, & teach the great grammar to the girls or the who paid extra to learn it. We had our work quite clearly laid down for us, & we had not to put the boys in the way of getting real knowledge, or understanding, of any of the things. Solomon talks about his topics them in the way of telling on.

Report three years in that school, & in most time I grounded myself.

177/2623

The subject is just the name of the person or thing which does the action.

The verb is the word which expresses the action.

There are many verbs, a verb to express almost every action. We may say, It walks, skips, runs, walks, plays, pulls, squeezes, whistles, cries, laughs, peeps, smiles, carries, spins, twirls, etc.

Or, It rains, snows, blows, thunder, peeps, Or, the plant grows, flowers, blossoms, droops, withers, dies.

(2) But the verb does not always state what the subject does:-

The chair is broken.

Henry was praised.

Clara has been punished. -

We are not told who breaks, but certainly not the chair; the action of breaking is done to the chair; in the same way, we are not told who praises; not Henry, somebody praised him; he was praised. Clara does not punish, but, very much otherwise, she has been punished.

These verbs express action, a. before, but the action is done to the subject.

(3) John is happy.

Baby was happy.

Tom was cold.

In these sentences, the verb does not express action.

Thus, taking boy